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# SAMARA

1949



"SUCCESS IS NAUGHT; ENDEAVOUR'S ALL"

—Browning





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# SAMARA

JUNE, 1949



"SUCCESS IS NAUGHT; ENDEAVOUR'S ALL"

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ELMWOOD FROM THE GROUNDS



THIS MAGAZINE IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO  
MISS M. CHAPPELL



## EDITORIAL

LOOKING back over the school year we find it hard to believe that time has passed so quickly. This year has been one of contrast, bringing both joy and grief to the world. The birth of Prince Charles has almost overshadowed the sorrows of today. As His Majesty said in his Christmas Day speech, "Before the baby was a week old he had become a friend of half the world." Inside Elmwood there have been changes too. Returning to Elmwood this September, it was a great shock to us all to find that Miss Chappell was no longer amongst us, but had gone back to her beloved Japan. We miss her very much, for not only was she our English mistress, but she was always ready to give help and advice. Thus it was to her that we sent part of our House Collections, to be distributed among needy children; and it is in appreciation of all the many things she did for us that we dedicate to her this "Samara."

We were pleased last term to welcome Miss Neal back again. For many years she taught in the school, and after eight years in her home, England, she has come back to us as Matron. We should like to say how much we appreciate the thought and care she gives to our welfare.

Elmwood once again this year has a resident dramatic mistress, as we had some years ago. Miss Briggs came to us from England and under her capable direction this year's dramatic work has been conducted.

Though our annual bazaar was not held this year, we have contributed to various charity organizations, including the Red Cross, the "Save the Children" Fund, the Community Chest; and some clothes of our House Collections were sent to the needy children of Northern Ontario.

This year we have been fortunate in having many excellent speakers, including Mr. Alexandor who gave us a most interesting talk on the value of a Poppy; Canon Coleman, Canon Heeney, and Mrs. Murphy.

We should like to take this opportunity to thank everyone associated with the magazine for the hard work and their valuable time, so readily given. We should like to mention specially Betsy Alexandor who has worked very hard in the advertising section.

Many members of VI Upper and VI Matric will be leaving us at the end of this year; to them we wish the best of luck in the future, and we know that they will carry through life their school motto—"Summa Summarum"—Highest of the High.

We know that the girls would like to join us in thanking Mrs. Buck, the staff, and "Dee" our Head Girl, for making this such a happy and successful year.



## *Nightingale House Notes*

**House motto: "Non nobis solum"**

**L**AST YEAR we were very pleased to win the House Shield again, and also the Inter-house Sports Cup. This year we were outshone by Fry and Keller in the House Collections, and our play came third out of the four plays presented. At Christmas we tied with Keller for second place in stars; well we are still hoping.

This year we welcome to the House Miss Neal, back from England, Mrs. Armour, and those girls who joined Nightingale this year. We also say goodbye and good luck to all who are leaving us.

### **House Members**

Head of the House—Mary Code

Head Girl—Deirdre Collens

House Senior—Judy Nesbitt

Monitors—Marjorie Cottingham, Sheila Hughes, Sallie McCarter, Jackie Nothnagel.

Norma Baird, Margaret Boehm, Jo-Anne Davis, Catherine Hees, Leslie Anne Jackson, Alison MacKenzie, Sandra McKee, Christian Nothnagel, Frances Schulman, Gretchen Weston.

Staff: Mrs. Armour, Miss Aldous, Miss Hudson, Miss Neal, Mr. Masson.

### **Senior Basketball**

Jackie Nothnagel

Judy Nesbitt

Marjorie Cottingham

Norma Baird

Sheila Hughes

Sallie McCarter

Sub: Mary Code

### **Junior Basketball**

Leslie Ann Jackson

Alison MacKenzie

Jo-Anne Davis

Gretchen Weston

Margaret Boehm

Francis Schulman

Subs: Sandra McKee,

Catherine Hees

### **Tennis**

Doubles—

Jackie Nothnagel

Gretchen Weston

Singles—

Judy Nesbitt

### **Senior Badminton**

Doubles—

Jackie Nothnagel

Marjorie Cottingham

Singles—

Judy Nesbitt

### **Junior Badminton**

Doubles—

Norma Baird

Leslie Ann Jackson

Singles—

Alison MacKenzie

### **Message of Sympathy**

We wish to extend our sincere sympathy to Mary Code, who suffered a great loss this year with the death of her father; and also to Mrs. Dailley in her sad bereavement.



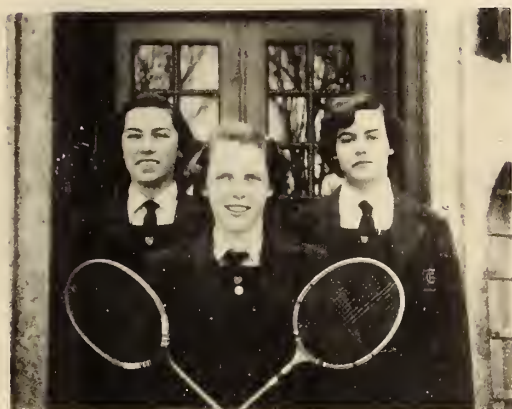
S. McCarter    S. Hughes    M. Cottingham  
N. Baird       J. Nothnagel  
J. Nesbitt

SENIOR BASKETBALL



M. Boehm    G. Weston    L. A. Jackson  
F. Schulman    J. A. Davis  
A. MacKenzie

JUNIOR BASKETBALL



J. Nesbitt    J. Nothnagel  
M. Cottingham

SENIOR BADMINTON



L. A. Jackson    N. Baird  
A. MacKenzie

JUNIOR BADMINTON



J. Nesbitt    J. Nothnagel  
G. Weston

TENNIS

NIGHTINGALE HOUSE





B. Alexandor    L. Crozier    S. Setton  
S. Mavor    G. Baird  
D. Boyd

SENIOR BASKETBALL



E. Wijkman    W. Quain    S. Macoun  
M. F. Matthewman    J. Woolcombe  
P. Knowlton

JUNIOR BASKETBALL



A. Hadley    W. Quain    S. Smith

SENIOR BADMINTON



D. Boyd    P. Knowlton    S. Macoun

JUNIOR BADMINTON



P. Knowlton    W. Quain    S. Macoun

TENNIS

KELLER HOUSE



## *Keller House Notes*

**R**ETURNING this September we were glad to be able to welcome Miss Briggs, the new girls and many junior girls who joined our ranks.

At Christmas, renewing the Elmwood custom of house plays, Keller produced "The Rehearsal" and "The Valiant," and with these we came second. In fact, Keller has managed to come second in all events, including the House Collections.

In sports we got a second in both Junior and Senior Basketball, and our Badminton and Tennis teams put up a good fight to remain second.

Keller is proud to have two members, Sofia Setton and Lucinda Crozier, in the school basketball team, which returned victorious after playing Hatfield Hall.

As Head of the House, I should like to take this opportunity to thank Keller for their co-operation throughout the school year and their readiness to live up to our House motto—"Fair Play".

The House members this year are:

Head of the House—Sascha Mavor

House Senior—Lucinda Crozier

Monitors—Betsy Alexandor, Barbara Gibson  
Sofia Setton.

House Members—Gail Baird, Shirley Smith  
Andrea Hadley, Wendy Quain, Pat Knowl-

ton, Diane Boyd, Mary Frances Matthewman, Elizabeth Wijkman, Shelagh Macoun, Lynne Mayburry, Felicity Giles, Jennifer Woolcombe.

Staff: Mademoiselle Juge, Miss MacLean, Mr. Mactavish, Miss Briggs.

### **Keller House Teams**

#### **Senior Basketball Junior Basketball**

Forwards—

Betsy Alexandor  
Diane Boyd  
Gail Baird

Forwards—

Pat Knowlton  
Wendy Quain  
Jennifer Woolcombe

Guards—

Lucinda Crozier  
Sofia Setton  
Sascha Mavor

Guards—

Shelagh Macoun  
Lynne Mayburry  
Elizabeth Wijkman

#### **Senior Badminton Junior Badminton**

Singles—

Shirley Smith

Singles—

Pat Knowlton

Doubles—

Wendy Quain  
Andrea Hadley

Doubles—

Diana Boyd  
Shelagh Macoun

#### **Tennis**

Singles—

Wendy Quain

Doubles—

Shelagh Macoun  
Pat Knowlton

### **The Christmas Tree**

I'd like to be  
A Christmas Tree,  
With lovely presents tied on me,  
With beautiful things for girls and  
boys,  
With dolls and games and jolly toys;  
What fun it would be,  
What joy it would be,  
For me, for me.

ROSEMARY FINDLAY, Form III.

Age 8

## *Fry House Notes*

**S**EPTEMBER found Fry with sadly depleted ranks. Miss Chappell, one of our staunch members, and very dear to Fry, returned to Japan in the Fall, and we were hard pressed to fill the gap she and the graduating class left among us. We have, however, fared admirably with the aid and support of the two new mistresses, Miss Smith and Miss Jennifer Philbrick, and the many new girls whom we welcomed into the house.

The time-honoured custom of House Plays Competition was revived, after a year's lapse, in December, and with our presentation of the first act of Thorton Wilder's "Our Town," we managed to edge out Nightingale and Keller for first place. In the House Collections too, we saw Fry win a coveted first place, due, needless to say, to hours of feverish knitting on the part of all.

Success was ours also in the Sports Field. Under the very able guidance of Judy McCulloch, we managed to sweep the field of both Senior and Junior Badminton and Basketball honours. These victories were ours as a result of many hours of practice after school, and house spirit. We also, in September, won the inter-house tennis tournament.

Fry can boast a memorable and happy year, and for myself as Head of the House, a very proud one. There has been the fullest co-operation and heart-felt house spirit behind Fry's activities.

We are very sorry that Alannah Busk was absent for the photographs of the House Teams, and therefore her place is filled by a substitute.

### **House Members**

Head of House—Ann Edwards  
House Senior and Sports Captain  
—Judy McCulloch

Monitors—Betty Gibbs, Dorothy Gates.

Alannah Busk, Mary Burns, Persis Brunet, Sheila Cabeldu, Olga Cavalcanti, Rhonna Curtis, Diana Fraser, Judy Hargreaves, Janet Lawson, Marion Mackenzie, Judy MacLaren, Albertina Van Roijen, Wendy Weston.

Staff: Miss Dixon, Miss Smith, Miss Philbrick, Miss Richardson, Miss Wiltshire.

### **Fry House Teams**

<b>Fry Tennis Team</b>	<b>Doubles—</b>
First Singles—	Ann Edwards
Judy McCulloch	Dorothy Gates
<b>Senior Basketball</b>	<b>Junior Basketball</b>
Centre forward—	Centre forward—
Ann Edwards	Rhonna Curtis
R. forward—	Forwards—
Judy McCulloch	Judy MacLaren
L. forward—	Sheila Cabeldu
Marion Mackenzie	Centre guard—
Centre guard—	Mary Burns
Betty Gibbs	Guards—
R. guard—	Tina Van Roijen
Alannah Busk	Judy Hargreaves
L. guard—	
Persis Brunet	
<b>Senior Badminton</b>	<b>Junior Badminton</b>
Singles—	Singles—
Judy McCulloch	Marion Mackenzie
Doubles—	Doubles—
Alannah Busk	Rhonna Curtis
Ann Edwards	Judy MacLaren

### **The Scallywags**

You naughty little scallywags,  
You are in disgrace,  
You tore your new dress into rags,  
Go and hide your face.

SUSAN JOHNSTONE, Form III

*Age 8*



P. Brunet      B. Gibbs      D. Gates  
J. McCulloch      A. MacKenzie  
A. Edwards

SENIOR BASKETBALL



M. Burns      J. McLaren      J. Hargreaves  
S. Cabeldu      T. Van Roijen  
R. Curtis

JUNIOR BASKETBALL



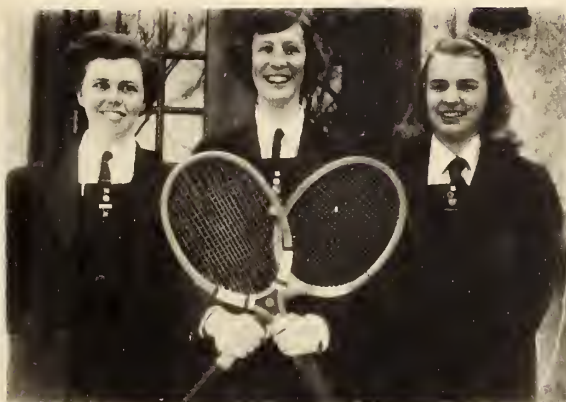
A. Edwards      J. McCulloch      B. Gibbs

SENIOR BADMINTON



J. McLaren      M. Mackenzie      R. Curtis

JUNIOR BADMINTON



A. Edwards      J. McCulloch      D. Gates

TENNIS



# CANDID CAMERA SHOTS





THE House plays were presented in December. Fry was the winner, with the first act of Thornton Wilder's "Our Town," which was particularly well acted. Keller's first play, "The Valiant," came second, with the Nightingale play "Guest House, Very Exclusive" third. Keller's second play "The Rehearsal", which was very amusing, ranked fourth.

On Thursday, December 17th., the Junior forms entertained an audience of parents and friends. Forms IVc, IVb, and IVa gave a Nativity play directed by Miss Briggs, while the Kindergarten, Transition and Form I acted "Blackbird Pie" and gave a performance with their rhythm band.

On March 11th., the Ashbury-Elmwood play, directed by Mr. Belcher, was presented at the Little Theatre. This year Noel Coward's bright and sophisticated comedy "Hay Fever" was the play chosen. It is not altogether an easy play for young actors since the whole action must run smoothly, with apparent casualness. In particular Judy McCulloch, with the role of Judith Bliss, the retired actress who is considering returning to the stage, and whose moods lead her from one pose to another, had no easy part to play. Yet she carried it off with distinction. Sallie

McCarter as Sorel, the daughter, was equally successful. Sorel is a frank and unconventional young woman who sees the faults of her family—particularly her mother—and comments on them freely. Usually offhand in manner, she is more inhibited than the rest of this unusual family, and amazes their guests by suddenly indulging, with Judith, in an impassioned rendering of one of that actresses favourite scenes. The scene of the intelligent party game that failed—one of the most successful in the play—depended very much on Sallie's acting.

Jackie Nothnagel acted convincingly the part of the somewhat sophisticated woman for whom the young son has conceived a passion. Jackie's lines were always well timed, and particularly natural and spontaneous was her scene with Robin MacNeil, as the novelist father, and her breakfast-time scene with the visiting diplomat.

Betsy Alexandor and Judy Nesbitt had smaller parts, but filled them very competently. Betsy played the long-suffering maid, who is almost as free in showing her opinion of the guests as the family themselves, and Judy the part of the sweet and innocent girl who is invited only that David may study her for a character in his novel, and who soon



finds herself lost and frightened in this outspoken family.

There is no doubt about the audience's enjoyment of the play. Very soon they were laughing freely at a witty line, or a dramatic pose from Judith. As we left the theatre, all the comments we could hear around us as friends compared notes, conveyed how much everyone had enjoyed the play, and how much they felt the cast deserved very high commendation.

For the following account of "Pride and Prejudice", the play of the Elmwood Senior Dramatics Class, we are indebted to the "Ot-tawa Citizen":

*By Carl Weiselberger*

At Shakespeare's Globe Theatre the parts of women had to be played by young men and the female charm of Julia, Ophelia or Rosalind often enough depended on the more or less white and smooth cheeks of the young male actors who had to portray them.

The Senior Dramatic Art Class of Elmwood School, who acted out *Pride and Prejudice* last night did the opposite: With only girls on hand, the elegant gentlemen Darcy, Bingley, Wickham, Rev. Collins from Jane Austen's novel, were portrayed by young ladies who in picturesque, late 18th century frock-coats with embroidered sleeves and frills, looked convincingly masculine.

"I should hardly like to live with her ladies and gentlemen in their elegant but confined homes," said Charlotte Bronte of Jane Eyre's Demon Lover . . .

The fundamental theme of *Pride and Prejudice*, which has been turned by Helen Jerome into a charming, witty "sentimental comedy" is that old tradition by which hero and heroine must either marry wealth or at least inherit it, and Mrs. Bennet shows her undisguised anxiety to make "good matches" for her daughters.

### *Charming Play*

Produced by Betty Briggs (Central School of Speech Training; London University Diploma in Dramatic Art), the charming play developed at a lively pace, and the large audience enjoyed fully the witty dialogue and fluent action. There was hardly a "dull" or dragging moment; the grouping of the characters on the stage was natural, and with their elegant, courteous, rounded gestures the charm of Rococo pictures was achieved.

Beautifully designed, colorful period costumes, the lovely stage-sets of the Bennet home and Lady De Bourgh's drawing room, added to the 18th century atmosphere of the gay-sentimental comedy.

It would be unfair to single out individual players for particularly gifted performances. The emphasis was obviously placed on teamwork and smooth co-ordination. Considering the youth of the players and the fact that some of them had to portray their opposite sex, surprisingly good characterizations were achieved. We liked the clear diction and intelligent phrasing of the students, results of careful speech training, which is usually one of the weakest points with amateur productions.

As in previous years, the principal roles were again divided "in order to give as many girls as possible a part large enough to show the progress each has made in voice and expression during the year."

Warm applause, and many chuckles and hearty laughs thanked producer and players for a splendid evening, which revealed talent and artistic taste far beyond the level of an average "school play."

In addition to this play by the Senior Dramatics class, Forms VA, VB, and VC are putting on Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" and IVA, IVB, and IVC are to give "Rip Van Winkle" by Herman Ould. Both these plays are to be presented after Easter. Also after Easter, the ballet class is to give a demonstration, which we look forward to with interest.



## Form Notes

### VI Upper

"Summa Summarum"; with these words the magic carpet floated gently upwards into the air.

It was a beautiful day and as we floated peacefully over the Atlantic, a tiny speck became visible on the horizon. At a closer range we discovered it to be a small yacht, and the strains of "A Life on the Ocean Wave" reached our ears. We then saw a figure dressed in patched blue jeans and a beige shirt striding across the tiny deck with mop over shoulder and pail in hand. Who should it be but "Dee" Collens. After a few cheerful greetings, we turned towards the English coast.

It was the day of the Grand National and the horses were at the starting gate. In the spectators' stand Ann Edwards was nervously pacing up and down. Then they were off—it's a fight from the start. Now they are coming down the home stretch, neck and neck; it looks like a tie. Suddenly a horse shoots forward over the finish line. Who should it be but "Macduff." Good work Ed; after twenty years of trying you finally made it.

Now off to Paris. Suddenly beneath us we see a large crowd frantically buying books. Approaching we see a figure standing on a platform, obviously the author. To our surprise we find it is Barbara Gibson. Barb has just written "Better Cake Recipes" in five different languages! Congratulations, Barb!

Turning back, we float to New York, where the neon signs are flashing the hit show of the year—"The Merry-go-round". The composer, director, leading lady, critic and audience is our own Lucinda Crozier.

Later at Colombia University we find Dor-

othy Gates H.P.S. (head Professor of Spanish). It is said that the Spanish classes are the largest on record, and everyone (except the other blondes) receives top honours!

It is quite late and so our carpet floats northward over Western University; we notice all lights are out except for a dwindling candle. Here, buried among books, we find Betty Gibbs trying to find an immediate remover of silver nitrate.

Finally, passing over a small farm buried in a forest, we see Marjorie Cottingham happily milking a cow. At least she has found the profession at which she is the happiest.

So we leave a happy, if not prosperous group, and return home.

### VI Matric.

VI Matric is one of Elmwood's largest forms this year. Our popular form mistress, Miss Dixon, though busy with other school duties, always finds time to pull us out of scrapes! At the Hallowe'en party in October, we combined with VI Upper and put on a Minstrel Show. This was great fun, and enjoyed by all present.

The characters of each of us are, I think, best summed up by the following quotations:  
Betsy Alexandor—Every why hath a wherefore.

Mary Code—We tire of those pleasures we take, but never of those we give.

Andrea Hadley—Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we diet.

Jackie Nothnagel—Good humour makes all things tolerable.

Judy McCulloch—Nothing succeeds like success.

Sofia Setton—Man has his will—but woman has her way.

Persis Brunet—Take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves.

Shirley Smith—Laugh and the world laughs with you.

Sallie McCarter—What is thine is mine, and all mine is thine.

Chris Nothnagel—Much study is a weariness of the flesh.

Judy Nesbitt—Make use of time, let not advantage slip.

Gail Baird—For there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Alannah Busk—My heart is ever at your service.

Sheila Hughes—Man is a social animal.

Wendy Weston—Temperate in all things.

Sascha Mavor—O call back yesterday, bid time return.

### Form V A

Do not expect our form notes to be very exciting—5A did not expect to be 5A, and we did not have time to prepare an exciting year for you to read about.

Quite innocently we came to school in September planning to be 5B, but Fate decreed otherwise; to our infinite surprise we were promoted to 5A. So if you notice us acting a bit oddly, and our exalted teachers find us a bit fuzzy, have pity on the Afflicted of Allah; the vortex of work has us quite dazed.

We have managed to produce the odd bits of excitement, however. The first was the Form Play, "*Mortgage Manor*", a tragic drama about a little family faced with expulsion from the old homestead. The roles were taken by Norma Baird as the Heroine, Wendy Quain as the Hero, Leslie Jackson as the Villain, Diane Boyd—Aged Aunt, Judy Hargreaves—Detective, Mary Burns—Uncle. The lights were managed by Marion McKenzie, and the play written by Mary Burns.

The next happening of interest was our Social Event of the Season—the form tea. It almost didn't take place because of a slight difficulty with the sandwiches—there weren't any—but we were saved by the gallant Leslie Jackson who disappeared into the horizon at lunch time and came back in the afternoon with unlimited supplies. It must have been Magic . . . However, the Tea was a great success. The Guests of Honour were Miss Dixon, Miss Adams, Miss Smith, and Miss Neal, who poured tea.

The latest excitement has been the discovery of a wonderful movie house in 'Ull called de Bijou, which is our favourite 'angout. Perhaps you 'ave 'eard us talk about it—it's wan fine place, dat! 'Bye now - - - see you dere sometime, eh?

### Form V B

For a long time V B had the distinction of having only three members and we could boast of being the cosiest form in the school. Even though increased to four we are still pretty compact. We share some things with V A, but are not to be confused with them. We held a joint form tea early this year, and we share their passion for de Bijou.

These are our members—Norma Baird, our form captain. She is indeed a social b(a)ird! Norma's happiest moment of the school day comes at lunch time—but that also goes for at least three-quarters of V B. She has found that not a gentle answer, but also a sweet and appealing face, turneth away wrath.

Pat Knowlton is our vice-captain. She is good at sports, and is the Intermediate Badminton Champion. At the moment, Pat's greatest interest is in letter writing.

Judy Maclaren is the skater of the form. She recently carried off honours by winning the Devonshire Cup. If you should happen to see a blue streak with a brown coat on racing for the streetcar, you'll know it's Judy headed for the Minto again. And if she should have a book under her arm it's because of Miss Smith's campaign to try to make our Judy more literary.

Diana Fraser is the wild one of the form—she comes from Iroquois! She is also the joker—the clown! But she is foremost to defend sturdily the rights and liberties of the form.

Finally, Eloisa Madrazo is our latest addition. She comes from Guatemala but is making remarkable progress in learning English. We also enjoy talking Spanish (?) to her.

### Form V C

The nine-o'clock bell rings, and those who have been fortunate enough to catch an early streetcar are lounging comfortably at their desks. As the second bell is heard, the class is completed by the appearance of Felicity Giles and Mary Frances Matthewman, our vice-captain in the first term.

The first class begins. Margy Boehm, our form captain in the first term, is asked a question. Unfortunately Margy is hidden behind a pile of books and by the time she rises to the occasion, Janet Lawson has answered it. The day wouldn't be complete without some mention of Toronto by her two loyal supporters, Cathy Hees and Frannie Schulman. In composition class Gretchen Weston is a favourite with stories about those beloved summer holidays. At noon, we usually hear Rhon Curtis, our form captain, at the piano trying out a new tune. Last, but far from least, there is the ever-present problem of finding a nick-name for either Sheila Cabeldu or Shelagh Macoun, our vice-captain. It seems that whenever a mistress asks one of them a question the other immediately pops up with the answer. With the addition of these last two, V C is complete, and is under the careful guidance of Miss Philbrick, our form mistress.

In closing, we should like to mention our very successful form tea which we had on February the eighteenth. Our guests were Miss Philbrick, who poured tea, Miss Smith, Miss Wiltshire, Mrs. Armour and Miss Dixon. Mrs. Buck, Miss Adams and Mademoiselle were unable to come.

### Form IV A

*A* is for Allie who's starting this rhyme;  
*E* is for 'Liz'beth who's never on time.  
*J* is for Jenny, the brain of the form;  
*J*'s also for Jo, a horsewoman born.  
*L* is for Lynne, who is good at her drill;  
*O* is for Olga who comes from Brazil.  
*S* is for Sandra and Sylvia too—  
 Sandra's vice-captain and Sylvia's new.  
*T* is for Tina, our little Dutch lass;  
 This is *IV A*, and we're proud of our class.

### Upper IV B

The mistresses popped their heads out of various doors as *IV B* trotted down the hall with Sarita Setton in the lead. Sarita is our present Form Captain, and very efficient. She came from South America two years ago and is devoted to the piano and music.

Jane Colville and Shirley Thomas sailed past everyone in a happy discussion about their loved horses. They both are very sporty and extremely good riders.

Joan Fagan and Wendy Gilchrist, both having tried preliminary skating tests, were excitedly relating their adventures. Joan, we gathered, had passed hers, and Wendy would try again in two weeks. Both are enthusiastic about skating and take lessons at the Minto Skating Club.

Lambie Steven and Virginia Shurly strolled into the classroom talking about hockey and football, in which Lambie delights. As they sat down, Virginia announced she could do a back dive and so their talk changed to Virginia's favourite subject, swimming.

Patricia Heeney ("Tish"), Sylvia Ricci and Sheila McCormick brought up the rear, chatting about Tish's violin. She had it with her, and we gathered around to see. Tish loves music, and Sylvia from Guatemala, and Sheila, love dancing to it.

The bell sounded and our normally talkative form settled down to work as the door closed on the mistress's "Good morning, girls."



### Lower IV B and IV C

Lower IV B and IV C share a classroom and take some lessons together. There are eleven of us. Judy Kellock, "Maggie" Gill and Susi Brain usually manage to come out at the top of the form. "Cally" Grant, Jennifer Hooper and Betsy Jane Davis have the same interest—horses. Jennifer is sometimes a boarder and sometimes not. Shirley Ann McKay is another horsewoman. She is also our form chatterbox! Andrea is good at gym, and Karla Krug is a star of the ballet class.

Along with Upper IV B and IV A, this Christmas we presented a Nativity Play, directed by Miss Briggs. The play was successful. After Easter we are going to give a play of "Rip Van Winkle" with the same forms.

We had a form tea before Christmas. We invited quite a few mistresses, but unfortunately some could not come. There was hardly any food left over; although we had a good deal of ice cream, there wasn't a drop left! We had lots of fun, amid the spilling of ginger ale. We hope to have another tea as soon as possible.

## Old Girls' Notes

### Old Girls' Executive

President—Elizabeth Edwards

First Vice-President—Cynthia Sims

Secretary—Anne Bethune

Treasurer—Norma Wilson

### News of Old Girls

#### Engagements

Lois Davidson to Mr. A. V. R. Lawrence

Norma Wilson to Flt. Lieut. James Davies

Elizabeth Gilchrist to Mr. Christopher Summers

Elizabeth Newcombe to Fl. O. Earl Mayo

Jane Viets to Mr. George Perley-Robertson

Joan Paterson to Mr. Ayton Keyes

#### Marriages

Janet Caldwell to Mr. Keith Masters

Elizabeth Kenny to Capt. A. S. Thornton

Gaye Douglas to Mr. Frank Packard

#### Births

Catherine (Inkster) Ferguson, a son

Jacqueline (Workman) Hyland, a daughter

Mary (Osler) Bull, a son

#### Activities

Virginia Copping Wilson has been appointed President of the Junior League of Toronto, 1948-1949.

Mary Spragge holds an important Secretarial position in the I.O.D.E.

Ogden Blackburn is Assistant Head of the Children's Ward in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, where her sister, Mary Blackburn, is also nursing.

Letty McGreer is nursing at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York.

Angela Christensen, Peggy MacLaren and Suzanne Mess are attending McGill.

At Carlton College are Wendy Hughson and Elizabeth Paterson.

Carol MacLaren and Louise Williamson are attending Skidmore.

Martha Bate is taking a pre-med course at Bennet College.

Halcyon Barcant made her debut in Trinidad last summer.

Elizabeth Paish is attending the Interpreters' School in Geneva.

## GENERAL NEWS

At the May Court Ball, held on January 28th, at the Chateau Laurier, several of the Old Girls distinguished themselves in the sparkling Revue that was produced for the occasion. We like to think that you could pick them out in the crowd because they were Elmwood Old Girls, but just for safety's sake we will list them for you. Ann Southam (Creighton) was a featured performer and sang with great skill into a microphone for the first time in her life, and is willing to admit that had it not been for her early training in Assembly at Elmwood, she could never have done it! She had one lone supporter in the mixed chorus—Ethel Toller (Southam)—but two Old Girls are all you need for a sure-fire hit. In the professional chorus line that appeared next on the programme, Penelope Sherwood, Patsy Drake and Diana Gill were the shining lights. Then came the dreamy Waltz number, and as dreaming was never encouraged in the good old days, we only had one representative in the person of Paula Peters—just to make sure the number wouldn't fall apart. The show wound up with a lively old-time Square Dance, and Jean Castonguay, Claudia Blackburn and Kitty Griffin gave the number the sparkle it might have lacked. The Revue was under the convenorship of Ethel Toller, and in our opinion, was the great success it was for the obvious reason that the back-bone of it was — ELMWOOD OLD GIRLS.

Other Old Girls who are actively working with the May Court throughout the year are, Luella (Irvin) Bethune, Alison (Cochrane) Connolly, Mary (Gray) Ducq, Barbara (Hopkirk) Dunne, Susan Edwards, Ruth (Monk) Finnie, Eleonor (Carson) Grant, Lillian (Gardner) Hyndman, Pamela (Erwin) Kingstone, Genevieve (Bronson) Laidlaw, Lynette MacBrien, Christine (MacNaughton) Macdougall, Elaine McFarlane, June White, Anna Wilson, Jane Viets.

Associate Members (those with over ten years of active membership) are: Jocelyn (White) Blair, Gwendoline (Borden) Blair, Cynthia (Hill) Campbell, Marion (Gale) Charleson, Nancy (Teller) Cleary, Betty (Toller) Davis, Ethel Finnie, Jean Finnie, Rachel (White) Garvock, Betty (Fauquier) Gill, Vera, (Birkett) Gill, Janet (Southam) MacTavish, Nancy (MacCarthy) Minnes, Julia (MacBrien) Murphy, Audrey (Gilmour) Scott, Cairine Wilson, and Catherine (Guthrie) Woods.

Professional Members are: Jean Burns, Betty Carter, Marion Monk, Barbara (Ross) Davies, Cynthia Sims and Cecily Sparks.

Out-of-Town Members are: Joan (Elkins) Boverly, Catherine (MacPhail) Bruer, Helen Burns, Mary (Craig) Desbaretts, Louise (Courtney) Dillingham, Hyacinth Lambart, Patricia Macoun, Ruth (Hughson) Strickland, Frances (Bates) Stronach, Peggy (Marr) Webber.

From the above you can readily see that Elmwood Old Girls are very actively engaged in social service work in this community, as they are in every other city in which they live.

### *Ashbury-Elmwood Reunion*

An Ashbury-Elmwood Reunion was held in London, England, on September 4th, arranged by Pat Archdale and Dim Sablin. It proved a great success. Among those present were Margot Peters, Mary Blackburn, Jill Barben, Margaret Hardy. Everyone enjoyed this happily-planned get-together.

### *Old Girls' Match*

The Old Girls basketball match against the present girls resulted in a win for the present girls, with a score of 18-10. A hilarious diversion was caused by the arrival of Janet (Southam) MacTavish and Luella (Irvin) Bethune complete in school uniform—and umbrella. Complete in uniform, we say, but hardly such uniform as would meet with approval at morning inspection!

## *Cadet Notes*

**T**HIS year the Cadets are celebrating their sixth birthday at Elmwood. We got off to a good start in September with our new superintendent, Mrs. Hulse, who rapidly became very popular with us. Mrs. Hulse, Miss Dixon, and Miss Philbrick have all shown a great deal of energy and interest, and have made this year a very pleasant one for the cadets.

Our division has dwindled from 51 members to 27, but we have had many new members, both among new girls and among those who have reached the honourable age of eleven, when they may join the St. John Ambulance Brigade.

Our courses have been covered very quickly this year. The new cadets took their First Aid examination before Christmas and are now on the Home Nursing Course. Those who had completed both these courses in previous years are now taking toy-making classes.

This year there was a dominion-wide doll-

dress competition. All dolls were to be dressed in St. John Ambulance uniforms, and our division was to dress our doll as the Lady Superintendent in Chief. We are proud to say that our doll came first in its class, and second in the competition throughout Canada.

In February, Mrs. Hulse very kindly invited all the cadets to a supper party at her apartment. Besides our own officers, Mrs. Buck and Mrs. Maclaren were there for the first part of the evening. After a delicious supper we played games and listened to some of our pianists giving an impromptu concert. We all enjoyed it very much, but we hope Mrs. Hulse's apartment recovered from our invasion.

There was an examination in March, in which eight more cadets became officers. There are several new cadets among those chosen, and we know that they will be proud and worthy of their chevrons.

## Une Excursion

**M**A soeur et moi, nous avions le désir de connaître la ville de Gruyère et surtout de savoir comment on fait ce bon fromage.

Nous sommes parties un jour en voiture avec nos parents et en chemin nous avons admiré la campagne environnante. Le trajet n'est pas long, et nous y sommes arrivées au début de l'après-midi.

D'abord nous sommes allées visiter le château qui est très ancien. Nous avons vu de très belles peintures que Corot a faites sur les murs d'une des chambres. Par les peintures de la salle à manger nous avons appris les détails de la vie du Comte de Gruyère. Autour du château il y a un jardin à la française. Puis nous avons visité le village qui est perché sur une colline. Ce petit village est connu pour ses vieilles maisons à façades blanches, ses volets peints aux couleurs du canton de Fribourg, sa fontaine dans laquelle les vaches viennent boire, dont des milliers de gravures

et cartes postales ont rendu la physionomie, la pipe et le costume familiers aux touristes du monde entier. Et l'on voit que c'est un très vieux village, car les rues sont usées par les passants. De chaque côté de la rue principale il y a des boutiques où s'étalent de nombreux souvenirs qui représentent l'excursion du village de Gruyère.

Ensuite nous avons essayé de visiter les fabriques de fromage, mais malheureusement elles ne sont ouvertes aux visiteurs que le matin. Alors pour nous consoler de cette déception, nous avons pris le thé dans un charmant petit salon. L'intérieur figurait un chalet et sur les boiseries étaient reproduites les peintures des costumes des différents cantons.

Puis comme l'heure avançait nous avons repris le chemin du retour en nous promettant bien de revenir, mais le matin la prochaine fois.

SASCIA MAVOR, Form VI Matric.

*Keller*

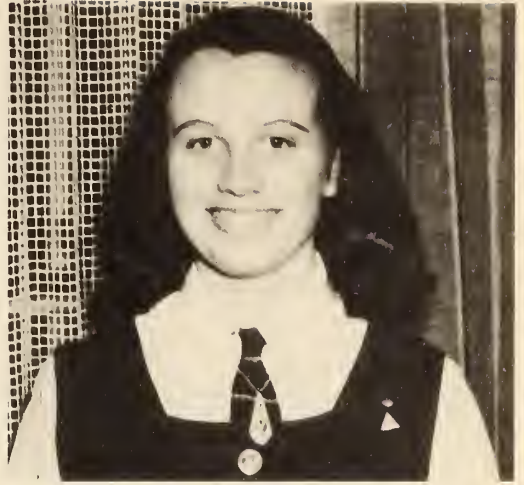


# Prefect Notes

## Deirdre Collens:

*"Things are bound to happen—why worry?  
Everything comes to those who wait—why hurry?"*

While Elmwoodians all diligently pressed noses to the grind-stone for another year . . . our head girl, Dee, cavorted gaily on the Atlantic, "out of Africa bound for Elmwood". She arrived in November and took the reins of command into her capable hands, much, we feel, to Mrs. Buck's relief and to the welfare of those on the "Lower Deck"—namely the boarders. In her spare moments (which we may add are very few) Dee can be found making out the boarders' pocket money lists, more frequently attempting to subdue the more boisterous members of the sitting room, or rehearsing her part as Darcy in the senior play "Pride and Prejudice" greeting you with a gracious bow and a "Good Mauning". If you ask Dee what her plans are for next year she just shrugs her shoulders and flashes her broad smile, for we understand that Dee's plans are very unsettled. Whether it be a return trip to Africa or one to Trinidad—whose virtues are extolled to us in abundance—she expresses her desire to do a lot of sailing which she feels she has missed out on the last few years. Her love of the sea and interest in nautical affairs have increased greatly this year, much to our surprise. Joking aside Dee, bouquets for a wonderful job and a very happy year and the best of luck in whatever you do!



## Ann Edwards:

*"A man convinced against his will  
Is of the same opinion still."*

Footsteps are heard, the door opens, a quick switch to C.K.C.O. and "Ed" has arrived in her usual manner. Ann is our only day girl member of the sitting-room and has a knack for whipping up provisions for Prefects' Tea which we secretly suspect is really her mother's doing. As the energetic and efficient head of Fry she has brought to her house top honours. On the week-ends "Ed" may be found jogging along the Aylmer Road on MacDuff (her horse) and during the week talking about his good points (which needless to say are many). Breaking the family tradition of going to McGill, next year will find her walking through the halls of Carleton with that Pepsodent smile that for so long has been familiar around Elmwood. We wish you all the best of luck "Ed" in the future.



## Sascha Mavor:

*"Nowhere so busy a man as he there nas  
And yet he seemed busier than he was."*

Lost anything? Well ask Sascha, Saschie, Sash—she answers to all. Sacha is back with us this year after skipping out last year to spend an exciting time in Switzerland. She left as a monitor and came back to find herself not only a prefect but the head of Keller. If you want to be on time and make breakfast ask Sash to wake you; then you surely won't be late! Her weaknesses are yellow tulips (no one could ever guess why) and anything from the Pays-Bas. Sascha's ability to speak French and not write it is a mystery to all the French students especially when their homework is wrong. As to her future—that's very undecided. It may be college life at Western or perhaps another trip abroad (the latter is more probable). Wherever you go we wish you the best of luck Sascha!



*Best wishes  
Sasha*

For 4 years  
Best of luck  
in the year to  
come - + love -  
Cin.

## House Senior Notes

### Lucinda Crozier:

*"Let a smile be your umbrella."*

This is Cin's second year at Elmwood and already she is in the exalted rank of a House Senior. Cin's weakness is being nice to people and her pet hates are Algebra and liver. Every morning Cin can be seen inspecting the Juniors. She tries to admonish them for untidy tunics and dirty shoes, but a second glance you can see her grinning from ear to ear, and the Juniors know she isn't really cross with them. No wonder she is such a popular officer. Cinda can be heard holding forth at great length about the virtues of Port Arthur. She maintains that it is the best place in the world, and defies anyone to say otherwise. Last summer Cin taught Nature Study at "Jack and Jill", a camp for children. We don't know what Cin's plans are for this summer, or next year, but we know that there will be a vacant place without her cheerful smile and her favourite expression "Oh, really, you people!"

### Mary Code:

*"The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."*

Nightingale is a very lucky, and incidentally, a very well-organized house this year, because Mary is its efficient head. One would think that House duties would fill Mary's day quite ably, but she always finds time to lend a willing hand and a cheerful smile in any task. The first period in the afternoon will always find Mary rushing from form room to form room with the attendance book.

Prominent in Mary's outside interests is the Junior Theatre, where she spends her Saturdays. Her summers are spent as "director of the water-front" at Camp Pontiac, a job to which she is well suited to judge from the various swimming awards she holds.

Mary's dislikes are Friday and fish, and her likes include carnations and truffles, which we hope she will keep bringing to officers' teas! Mary is destined to uphold the officers' numbers again next year. Her steadiness and efficiency will be welcomed wherever she goes, and we wish her the very best of luck for the future.

### Judy Nesbitt:

*"Skilled she is in sports and pastimes."*

Judy has been at Elmwood since she was six and has won the preparatory, junior, intermediate, and senior sports cups. She is now the very busy sports captain of Nightingale and Mary's right-hand man in all House matters. We know comparatively little of Judy's outside activities but until this year the 3.30 bell would see Judy tearing madly out of the door on her way to the Minto. She has won a great many awards, including the Devonshire, Wilson and Gilmour cups. Judy intends to go to college, but we hope to have her with us for another year. Best of luck always, Judy!





## Judy McCulloch:

*"No excellent soul is exempt from a mixture of madness."*

Judy, who holds the remarkable record of eight years at Elmwood, will be leaving us this year. She is an efficient person, and may be found busily checking borrowings from the library—she is librarian—or engaged in some duty that concerns her as Sports Captain. for games are Judy's specialty, and she has carried off nearly every sports award possible. Judy's weakness is Woolworth's candy counter, where she spends most of her out Saturdays. Don't be alarmed if you see Judy "floating" down the corridor; it's not Judy at all, but Judith Bliss, the famous actress. Everyone was impressed by Judy's performance in "Hay Fever", the Ashbury-Elmwood play this year. Judy's immediate future is still uncertain; but next year will find her either in Australia, or at Bryn Mawr, or perhaps Radcliffe. Wherever Judy goes, we know she will get along well—for "nothing succeeds like success."



MONITORS, 1948-49

Betty Gibbs	Betsy Alexandor	Sheila Hughes	Marjorie Cottingham	Sallie McCarter
Sofia Setton	Dorothy Gates	Barbara Gibson	Jacqueline Nothnagel	

*lots of luck - Jackie*



# CANDID CAMERA SHOTS



*Handwritten text: 1. ...*

*Handwritten text: ...*



**A** GAIN this year we are lucky to have Miss Philbrick for our games mistress. Our big sports event has been our basketball match with Hatfield Hall. It was doubtful if we were going to be able to go because of lack of transportation, but Mrs. Southam, Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Buck very generously lent their cars, and we started out at 8.00 A.M. for Kingston, where the match was played. The Elmwood team emerged victorious from an extremely hard game, the score being 14-4. We arrived home at 6.00 P.M., after having had lunch at the La Salle Hotel with the Hatfield team. Miss Philbrick gave up much of her free time to coach us, and we should like to thank her for her enthusiasm and interest.

### Sports Day

Last year, 1948, Sports Day was held on June 7th. It was a successful day for Nightingale, who romped off with the prizes. The weather man was in a good humour and we had neither rain nor mosquitoes, so often uninvited guests at the ceremony. Nightingale won the Inter-house Sports Day Cup. The other winners were:

Inter-house Relay—Nightingale  
 Senior Sports Cup—Elizabeth Paterson  
 Intermediate Sports Cup—Mavis Hothersall  
 Junior Sports Cup—Shirley Thomas  
 Preparatory Sports Cup—Lee McKay

### Basketball

Our inter-house basketball matches took place as usual, and this year we have some very promising players among both the intermediates and new girls. Fry was the lucky winner of both Senior and Intermediate matches. We had an innovation this year—a game between the day-girls and boarders. The day-girls put up a very good fight but the boarders won by a fair margin. After Easter we hope for a match with the Old Girls.

### Ski-ing and Skating

The boarders have enjoyed many good Saturday ski-ing trips both at Wakefield and Mountain Lodge. The weather has been very temperamental this winter, and although our ski-ing has been successful (except for a few bruises), the skating rink has been either very well insulated with snow or else swamped by the numerous thaws.

### Tennis

This is the first time in three years that we have been able to have the tennis matches. The weather, however, proved excellent in September and October, and much interest was shown in tennis, apart from the matches. Fry was fortunate in winning the Senior games, but Keller won the Intermediate matches.



### Badminton

Our badminton tournaments were completed early this year, being finished before March. If you pass through the hall during the winter months, you are sure to see several couples batting a poor bedraggled bird back and forth. The winner this year was Fry, who won both the Senior and Intermediate tournaments, although by the very nar-

row margin of one point over Keller in the latter.

### Gym and Drill

Another successful and enjoyable year under Miss Philbrick has almost come to a close. We have used the apparatus for all our various exercises, and have learned to vault over the horse in all kinds of queer positions, doing wolf, front, thief, twist, box and waterfall vaults!

### How Holland Was Saved By Water

ONE morning when the early June sun was rising and the first birds were singing, Peter got up because he heard a 'plane flying very low. He looked out of the window and saw that the 'plane was British. It was flying so low that it nearly touched one of the sails of the old mill. Luckily the Germans were out of ammunition, for otherwise they would have shot the 'plane down. When Peter had finished his breakfast he went outside.

On the road he saw a slip of paper, which he picked up, and read: "I am very sorry to let this be done to this beautiful island, but we have to bomb the dyke in order to liberate the rest of the country. Signed, Queen Wilhelmina." (She still was queen then.) Peter was shocked to hear that awful news. He looked around the landscape, the trees and everything he loved so dearly. Why did this have to happen? Peter thought "I should not be looking around. I should go and help my mother move the bedclothing and the food, to the attic."

He told his mother the terrible news. Peter's mother was a brave woman and she did not cry but she thought, "We will build the Island again as long as we Dutchmen may live." She picked the few potatoes from the garden and all the food she had and brought it up to the attic as well as a lot of extra bed clothing for the people who lived on lower ground, and might be flooded earlier than they. They hid the food in case the Germans might want it, along with all the valuable things they possessed. Peter's father had dis-

appeared because the Germans wanted young men to labour for them; but all of the young men refused and kept hiding, or tried to help their country in espionage.

The next morning they already heard the zooming of 'planes and the falling of bombs. Most of them fell on the dyke, but unfortunately some fell on the little village of West Capelle by accident.

Peter and his mother looked for the last time over the Island and tears came into their eyes. But what did they see in the distance? Wasn't that the glittering of water far away? that horrible sea water? Yes, the water was coming, first slowly but then quicker and quicker, and it already had flooded the kitchen floor when the people came from West Capelle. Peter's mother took care of many people, amongst them a little boy who screamed at the sound of a 'plane or bomb, because when a bomb fell on their house his mother and his sister had been killed, and the little boy did not know how he was saved.

On the water everything was floating—pigs, cows, rabbits, mice—all looked disgusting.

But what did the people see one morning? Weren't they the ships with the Allies? All the people put out their flags and Holland was liberated. It was lovely to see our own flag flying in the breeze above the water. And already now a few shrubs are growing on the Island.

TINA VAN ROIJEN, IVA

Fry





WITH many a backward glance at the summer days gone by, the boarders returned to Elmwood one fine evening last September. We found many new faces among the old, for we welcomed four new resident staff, and seven new boarders to our happy throng. Later on in the year, our numbers were supplemented by Eloisa Madrazo and Sylvia Ricci, both from Guatemala. Our Spanish has improved greatly!

As we weren't quite sure of the whereabouts of our Dee, who was to be Head Boarder again this year, Sascha Mavor took her place at the beginning of the year. Sascha did a wonderful job of organising the boarding school, and we should like here to thank Dee, Sascha, and Miss Wiltshire—who has been very generous and understanding as House Mistress—for all they have done to make this year such a happy one.

At the beginning of the year, the Seniors decided that our weekends should include more group activities. As a result of this, every Friday night is spent at our "sewing

circle", under the kind supervision of Miss Aldous, or our leathercraft classes, conducted by Miss Wiltshire. We have also had several movies on Friday nights.

The skiing trips to Wakefield have been enjoyed greatly by both staff and girls. We have had several good skiing Saturdays, and, fortunately, suffered no broken bones.

We have had a successful year as well as a happy one. Our boarders' basketball team defeated the day girls, and the school basketball team included five boarders.

This Christmas we had a boarders' party in the senior classroom. Everyone attending had a wonderful time—including Santa Claus. We sang all the old Christmas songs, and the party came to a close with the seniors' recitation of "The Visit of St. Nicholas".

We, who are leaving, express our thanks to everyone for making this such a happy year. We have had fun—who will forget the "body in the bath" on April 1st.? Our last year at Elmwood is not one to be easily forgotten.

## *Fiction Library Notes*

THE Fiction Library has almost doubled its membership this year, and the staff is kept busy collecting overdue fees and reminding people about returning books on time. Several new books have been bought, including "China Town Family" by Lin Yutang; "A Play on Words and Other Radio Plays" by Lister Sinclair; "The Robe" and "The Big Fisherman" by Lloyd Douglas; "How Green Was My Valley" by Richard Llewellyn; "The Captive Princess" by Margaret Irwin; "Three Time Plays" by J. B. Priestley; "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town" by Stephen Leacock; "Babbitt" by Sinclair Lewis; "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" by C. Otis Skinner; "The Gathering Storm" by Winston

Churchill, and others. In addition to these, Andrea Hadley very generously donated a number of books, both novels and non-fiction, which have been very popular. The library has increased to such an extent that a new cupboard has been required.

It is interesting to note that there are more Juniors and Intermediates in the library membership this year than has been the case for several years; and they are making good use of the books.

This year the most Junior books have been put separately in a Junior Library used by Forms II, III, IVC and Lower IVB. This Library is open on Wednesday lunch time, and has been most successful. Several new books have been bought for it.



WE BEGAN this year with a dash of charcoal and a liberal impression of the elms around the school. Mr. Masson's deft hand gave depth and a new interest to our old models, the elms. He has, however, struggled in vain to inspire in us a desire to paint a wet street. Our efforts so far, in that line, have produced only mud. With the thought of being made immortal on canvas, many of the Juniors have walked bravely into

the Art room to serve as models for us, sometimes to find themselves grotesquely reproduced on paper; but we do offer many thanks to these wonderful little models, who have helped us so much. On one occasion Mr. Masson himself posed for us, with even more varied results! We should like to thank Mr. Henri Masson for all the help and encouragement he has given us, and the interesting Art periods we have with him.



KARLA KRUG

*by* Sandra McKee





*by Shirley Smith*



*by Judy McCulloch*



SHEILA McCORMICK

by Sheila Hughes



# PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION



**JUNIOR—FIRST PRIZE**  
Betsy Jane Davis

**SENIOR  
FIRST  
PRIZE**  
Sascha  
Mavor



**JUNIOR—SECOND PRIZE**  
Shirley Anne McKay

**SENIOR  
SECOND  
PRIZE**  
Shirley  
Smith



**SENIOR  
THIRD  
PRIZE**  
Rhonna  
Curtis



**JUNIOR—THIRD PRIZE**  
Margaret Gill





### "For the Good of the Cause"

**D**URING the close of the Civil War between the Puritans and the Cavaliers, a wealthy Cavalier family lived in the beautiful county of Devonshire on the outskirts of the small village of Alverdiscott.

The family consisted of two children, Rupert, the eldest, a handsome boy of seventeen, who was an excellent horseman, and his sister Rose, a courageous and beautiful girl of fifteen. Their father was a brave soldier and had become one of the leading generals of the Cavalier forces, while their mother supervised the huge estate and their numerous women servants, with a calm efficiency, in her husband's absence.

The house was an old rambling one with hidden stairs and secret panels whose existence was only known by the family itself.

Rupert had been very useful to his father by delivering important dispatches through the enemy lines to other branches of the Cavalier forces. It was extremely dangerous work and his mother and sister were in constant fear of his being captured. One windy night as Rose was retiring to her lonely room in one wing of the house, she heard a gentle tapping at the casement. Supposing that it was the wind rattling the thick ivy outside, she got into bed and tried to sleep. But then the tapping became more urgent and at last she went to the window and opened it. What did she then see, but her brother's pale, anxious face peering at her, half hidden by the ivy's exuberant growth?

"Quick, Rose," he said. "Conceal the light. I am being pursued by a company of Roundheads and must seek shelter."

"But why did you come here?" she asked.

"To gather some clothes and money for father's friend who must flee to France on the morrow," he answered. Just then they heard the noisy clatter of horses' hooves in the courtyard below and suddenly the massive entrance door was loudly pounded.

"Hurry, Rupert—the secret chamber," she said. Together they searched in the dark woodwork which would reveal the chamber to them. At last the black space loomed before them and the boy hurriedly entered while she drew closed the aperture until with a sharp click it was a blank wall again.

While this had been taking place, angry voices downstairs had been heard shouting at the bewildered servants, and then as Rose went down the broad staircase she heard the calm voice of her mother answering firmly the ringing questions of the Roundhead leader. Rose entered the hall where at least twenty soldiers were gathered, and her heart sank as their cruel, hard faces were turned on her. Her mother said to her:

"These men have told me that they are pursuing your brother, but I have repeatedly told them that he is not here."

"Nevertheless madam, we must search the house," the commander said brusquely. The soldiers looked in every room and in every nook, pressing panels in the hopes of discovering a secret hiding place. At last they arrived at the room which belonged to Rose, who held her breath when they began to push the dark rich woodwork . . . She nearly fainted when at last to the Roundheads' great satisfaction the hidden door flew open. They searched inside it and came out, not bearing a struggling Rupert, but empty handed. Rose could not believe her eyes until there was a great commotion in the courtyard below and then the sound of a galloping horse. The soldiers peered out into the growing dawn and saw a curly-headed lad wave his cap defiantly in the air at his enemies and speed off, having cut loose the cavalry horses which immediately ran into the forest.

"You shall rue this very bitterly," vowed the commander to the amazed women, as, scowling fiercely, he and his company trooped off in vain pursuit of their horses.

When his sister had left him, Rupert had listened intently, for the angry deep voice

of the commander was ordering his men to search everywhere in the house. Knowing full well that he would not have a chance of hiding himself under that rigorous search, he opened the panel from the inside and cautiously made his way down the hall to his own bedroom . . . There he gathered together some money and clothes, keeping his ears trained on his pursuers' footsteps. They were steadily approaching—what could he do? Suddenly he remembered that his fireplace was a large one, and that as a little boy he had found steps in it that led onto the roof. He realized that from there it would be a simple matter to reach the courtyard. He clambered up and up until he reached the roof. From there he scrambled down the ivy, until at last he was in the courtyard frightening the cavalry horses, and soon was on his way with the money and clothes which would win the security of the French court for a friend.

So a brave Cavalier girl and boy outwitted their enemies. Their friend afterwards gained the French court safely and soon helped his noble rescuers to escape from the Puritan clutches. *GRETCHEN WESTON, Form VC, Nightingale*

### Time Is Fun

It's hard for me to write a rhyme  
Because I have so little time.  
I rush around and work all day  
But often have some time to play.

I gallop home from school to see  
A little horse called Dinah Lee;  
She's shiny black with long black tail;  
I jump on her back and away we sail.

Down the road and up the street  
I hear the clatter of her feet;  
And then we reach the woodland dell—  
We canter and trot, and all is well.

*BETSY JANE DAVIS, Lower IVB*  
Age 10

### The Eruption of a Mountain

It was a humid evening and towards the west was a vague eerie glow. The people in the small Mexican village were worried. As the hours dragged on, the glow became a blue red and the inhabitants of the village could distinguish low flames of fire shooting towards the sky. The heat was fierce and low rumblings could be heard. It seemed as though down in the heart of the earth the sea and lava were wrestling.

The long dreary night continued. The rumblings grew louder and boiling lava shot high in the air and rained upon the deserted village. The sea which had been oily calm before had become a churning mass of waves.

The people, sure they couldn't stay any longer, had left as quickly as possible after making certain they had everything they could take with them.

Still the volcano roared. The thunder boomed again and again, and the village was covered with volcanic ash. Lava streamed down the fields, into the village and on over the flat lands.

Again and again the boiling oils poured over the fields until they were wrecked beyond repair.

At last the flames died down and in their stead came sparks and a purplish glowing smoke.

The long dreary night ended and a bright sun came up. The sea calmed itself at last and the little village was buried under the ashy ruins.

*SHEILA McCORMICK, IVB*  
Age 12

### Bonnie Prince Charles

A little prince has just been born,  
On a very cold November morn.  
And when his mother came inside  
She took one look at him and cried,  
"Now put him right into the bed,  
So he can rest his little head."

*VICKY BRAIN, Form III.*  
Age 8



## Grey Day

IT was one of those miserable grey days when nothing has any interest, any life, or any colour. This particular landscape was no exception—a washed out grey sky, an oily grey sea spraying chilly grey foam on wet grey sand.

A solitary speck resolved itself in the distance. It approached rapidly and turned into a man, a man not in a grey frame of mind to match the day, but a black one. He had been staying in a dull little village for his health—ordered there by his doctor—and after several weeks of grey stormy weather he had worked himself into such an irritable frame of mind that it would have been far better for him to remain in London. On this particular day, however, he had decided to flout the weather and take a walk along the bleak coast.

Now he wished he hadn't. The grey sea-spray had soaked his clothes, the grey wet sand had soaked his shoes, and now a grey wet mist was fast putting his pipe out. He started to retrace his steps. It was about then he began to think of legends of the sea. The desolate sands and empty seas, the general air of bleakness and loneliness provided an excellent setting for a ghost ship to sail or a sea-spirit to wander.

Thinking of sea-spirits . . . The man chewed his pipe thoughtfully. There had been strange talk in the little village lately. Strange talk and strange rumours—not that the man had paid them any attention, but . . . ! There had been talk of voices heard, voices that seemed to come from the water under the fishermen's boats. That was sheer imagination, said the man. It had been the wind.

However, the next problem gave him—and the fisherfolk—more thought. He had found a strange object on the beach, and as it had been rather pretty he had taken it home and showed it to his friends among the villagers. To his intense surprise, he found they would not touch it, and begged him to throw it back to the sea. As far as he could see, there was no reason for this fear. It was a thin, finely-chiselled piece of stone, some six inches in length, and as sharp as a razor. The stone from which it was made, however, was ex-

tremely unusual. It was opaque, and tinted with various shades of green and rose. It was as hard as iron and absolutely unbreakable. One end had been blunted, and had certain squiggles on it that might be said to be mystic markings.

"It has come from the sea-people," said the villagers. "Give it back to them."

Their insistence that he throw it back made the man only more determined to keep it. He was not the superstitious kind.

Now, as he hurried alone through the grey mists he began to doubt himself, and as his mind ran over the details of the third and weirdest incident, he began to doubt himself more and more.

Yesterday, a fisher boy had been sailing alone in his little grey dinghy. He had been staring idly into the sea (he said) when suddenly, not more than a few feet below the surface, he had seen what looked like a human body floating on its face. It had only been an indistinct shadow, so he could not be sure. However, he had got his boat hook and attempted to salvage the body, if it was one. He had given it a few prods with his hook in his attempts, when to his intense horror it gave a twist and disappeared down in the murky depths. It could not have been a man as it did not come up for air; it was not dead as the boy had seen it make definite movements. He had sworn again and again, even on the Bible, that it was not his imagination. Besides, he was not credited with enough wit to make up such a story.

The man returned to himself. How terribly still it was! He stopped, and listened in the silence to the roar and rush of the grey waves, the occasional cry of the invisible gulls. He hurried on again.

He came to the top of a rise in the rocky beach and stopped a moment. The land dipped sharply there, and with the mist, he was looking down into a pool of fog, through which three figures showed indistinctly.

"Hey," he shouted, and ran down to join them—when suddenly they were gone! He had seen them turn towards him, and then they had vanished into the fog. Irritated that they should avoid him, and sure that they



were hiding from him somewhere near, the man hid behind a rock to wait their return and question them about their strange behavior. He had waited for about five minutes when something appeared on the rocky ledge before him. It was as silent and as indistinct in the fog as a fish is in murky water. But that is not what froze the man as he crouched; it was the fact that the ledge faced onto the sea, and the shape could only have come from there.

It was joined by another shape, and yet another. They merged together and appeared to be holding a conference. Then they separated, and stealthily began to collect pieces of stone and weed off the rocks. To the man's infinite horror one made its way towards him, for the first time he was able to see it clearly.

It was human—unmistakably human—but its human characteristics only made it seem to be the more monstrous. It walked erect like a man, it had two arms and two legs; its head was round and it had slick oily black hair. Undeniably it had two eyes, but these eyes were large and lampent—glowing with a weird light like a deep-sea animal's; it had a nose but at the tip of the nose were gills, not nostrils! It was breathing through its mouth, and in the mouth the man could see sharp-pointed white teeth. Its skin was a pallid white-green color, and it was rather plump. Around its middle was wrapped a piece of red material. The most weird thing about it however, was its hands and feet. There were not more than three digits on each, and they were joined by a webbing of skin.

For a long time it collected weed and rock, and then as if at a signal all three slid back into the sea. For a long time the man, half paralyzed with fright and astonishment, remained hidden. It was only when it began to rain in good earnest that he could get up enough courage to come from hiding, and when he did he ran all the way back to the village. The fisher folk found him very amiable company that night.

A week passed. The man mentioned nothing of his adventure to his friends. He began to be assailed with doubts of his own sanity. It was then that he had proof. At first he

thought of no connection between the mer-men and this incident, but then . . . However, let me tell you what happened as it occurred.

The incident was an act of theft, the most unusual that had ever happened to the little town, or almost any place in England. A house, not far from the sea, had been broken into and robbed. Everything had been removed from it, not just everything of value, but everything that was in the house. The forks, knives, plates, pictures, beds and all furniture had vanished as completely as if it had never been there. There was one clue, however. On the scene of the crime had been found an object similar in every respect to the one that the man had.

The man told what he knew to the police, and expressed his belief that the mer-men had committed the crime. He was nearly put into a near-by asylum by the authorities, but the feeling of the town was high against it, and as the man appeared sane in every way except for this delusion, they decided that they would not. The crime remained unsolved.

After that grand coup, no more was heard of the mer-men. It is the man's private theory, and he will tell it to you if you ask him, that these men from the sea were sea-scientists, and as men go down into the sea and collect specimens of what they find there, these mer-men had come up to the land, and carried off specimens of what they had found here.

MARY BURNS, VA  
*Fry*

### **The Coming of Winter**

Summer was slowly fading away,  
Birds were leaving day by day,  
The trees were dropping all their leaves,  
And farmers were gathering up the sheaves.

Then one night when all lay still,  
Asleep in their beds were Jimmie and Jill,  
And from the heavens thick and fast  
Snow was on its way at last.

Someone was pulling a blanket of white  
Over the world on this dark night.

It was Nature working in vain  
To fill the earth with beauty again.

JO-ANNE DAVIS, Form IVA  
*Nightingale*

### Strange Acquaintance

THE rain fell steadily, blotting out the city in the distance, making it almost impossible even to discern the swollen black river which raced angrily beneath the gigantic bridge on which I was standing. Suddenly a strange figure loomed out of the mist and fog, and leaned against the guard-rail close to my elbow.

"Got a match, buddy?" he asked, in a flat, uninterested voice, staring all the while at the rushing body of water beneath us. I searched through my pockets and soon produced a light, which I handed to him. The flickering glare of the match as he struck it with his thumb nail illuminated his face for a brief moment. I barely had time to notice that he was about forty years of age, dark, and wore a brown felt hat which was pulled down low over his eyes. The turned-up coat collar of his shabby gray coat added to the depression, and almost mystery, that surrounded this chance acquaintance of mine. Then the match went out.

We stood for several moments without speaking, and then he looked up at me.

"I guess if a fellow fell from this bridge he'd be killed right away, eh?"

"I guess so," I answered, without any more thought to the matter. "But I'd certainly hate to be floating around in that river. It sure looks cold." We both fell into deep silence, broken only by the roar of the water and the drip, drip of the large raindrops; they fell against my face and trickled off my nose.

Finally I roused myself from my morbid study of the river and glanced at my companion, who seemed lost in thought.

"Guess I'll be moving along now."

He did not stir, nor did he make any effort to answer by either word or gesture. I shrank deeper into my turned-up collar and moved away from the rail. "Well, goodbye, I'll . . ." Still no answer; I shrugged my shoulders in resignation and moved quickly through the fast-falling rain. After taking a few steps I turned and looked back. My silent companion was still staring at the water.

Next morning it was still raining. Large puddles had formed in the streets, and the gutters had been transferred overnight into miniature rivers.

"Paper, mister?"

"Thanks—keep the change." I unfolded the paper slowly and glanced vaguely at the front page. Suddenly my eye was caught by a headline in black type. "Body of man found in river. Believed suicide." Then it continued: "The body of an unknown man was found in the Hudson river this morning at 4.10 A.M. He is believed to have been about forty years of age, dark, and wore a gray overcoat. A brown hat was found washed up on the river bank."

Turning quickly, I crumpled the newspaper and threw it into the gutter, where it was borne by the rushing stream out of sight. Then I joined the surging throng that was making its way uptown, ready to begin a new day.

GAIL BAIRD, VI Matric  
Keller

### School Fever

(with apologies to John Masefield)

I must go back to school again, to the dusty  
class and hall,  
And all I ask is a notebook and a match to  
burn it all.  
And the pen's scratch, and mistress's frown,  
with head and hand all aching,  
And the grey pallor on the teacher's face as  
her heart is slowly breaking.

I must go back to school again, to the dull  
and dreary life;  
To the brain's day and the dunce's way and  
a voice like a whetted knife;  
And all I ask is a good joke from a laughing  
fellow-rover,  
And a good time in the holidays when the  
long term's over.

WENDY WESTON, Form VI Matric  
Fry



### They Fled By Night

THREE fugitives stole out from the barracks throwing grotesque shadows upon the compound. A bough creaked and the figures stopped for a minute, and started again in perfect unison. The moon shone fitfully, hiding herself at times behind a sombre cloud like a shy child. Suddenly, without warning, a beam of blinding light threw the compound into relief. It swept in a wide arc and then went out, leaving the night as dark, as silent as before. Where were the figures? Somehow, miraculously, they had escaped the questing light.

They approached the fence. One of them jumped on the earth, and as if dug and weakened previously, the ground gave way, and one by one the figures crouched down and wormed their way on their stomachs under the fence. They darted toward the forest and dived into its cold and lifeless embrace.

They stumbled on in silence for several miles, seemingly acquainted with the surrounding terrain. Then a silhouette pitched forward and sank to the ground with a soft moan. The other two carried him along until they came to a sheltered spot near a road which twisted and turned, a snake weaving through the countryside. Here they laid him down and made him as comfortable as possible. They waited. Hours passed. A streak of gray was beginning to rise over the horizon when a heavy truck came slowly down the road. One of the men slipped out from the wayside and motioned with his thumb. The truck stopped and a harsh voice cried out, "What's the matter? What do you want?" The driver was leaning out the window when a fist crashed into his face and he crumpled forward. The same man that had showed such vicious strength opened the door, letting the man drop to the ground, and motioned to the other. He came, dragging his comrade over his shoulder, and laid him gently in the rear part. Next they gagged and bound the driver, and took his credentials and clothes. They jumped in, stepped on the accelerator, and the truck lurched forward, speeding away into the night.

They approached a small village just before dawn and although hungry and dirty, they roared through the town, and keeping away from the main roads they sped along until dusk. Then leaving the truck, they struck out through the fields toward the border. They had in advance picked out the most suitable place to cross the closely-guarded frontier and had decided on a lonely stretch of marsh and moor. Arriving on the moor they slowed down and cautiously crept on. They could see the fence stretching away across the vastness. With a rush they surged toward it and breathed, "Freedom!"

"Cut. That was great!" And the director leaned back in his chair, puffing contentedly on his pipe.

JUDY McCULLOCH, Form VI Matric.

*Fry*

### Kittens

When little kittens are born they don't look like what you would think. They do not look like little cats, with lovely soft fur. The kitten's body looks as if it had no fur whatever, and its tail hasn't any fur.

It's fun playing with kittens when they are older. A kitten loves to play with a ball or a ball of wool. If you get a piece of string and put a little bit of paper on the end, and shake it, the kitten will play with it.

Although kittens like to play with you they are not as friendly as dogs. When anybody comes in to see the kitten, it will run under or behind something, and won't come out.

Kittens first drink milk from their mothers. When they get older they have to learn how to drink out of a saucer. Sometimes you have to put the kitten's nose into the milk before it will drink. A cat's tongue is rough and the milk sticks to it.

Kittens are soft furry animals and people like them for pets. We had some and that is how I learned about kittens.

KARLA KRUG, Form IVC.

*Age 10*



### Hares and Rabbits

**B**EFORE I begin to tell you this story, I had better give you a bit of information about the two people in it. The first one is father.

Father is the head of the family, and will not tolerate any nonsense. Furthermore he is not superstitious. The second person is mother. She is gifted with an excellent sense of humour, and an amazing ability to obtain from father whatever she wants. Mother, however, is very superstitious.

Now to get back to the story. It was about eleven o'clock and mother and father were lying in bed reading. Then father put his book down, turned out the light between their beds, and mumbled "Good-night."

Mother sighed, closed her book, and said in a cheerful tone "Good-night dear." Then suddenly she remembered that this was the last day in the month and said hurriedly, "Hares!"

"Oh, rot!" exclaimed father.

The silence in the room deepened, and mother concentrated on getting to sleep before father began his habitual snoring.

Later that night mother began to have a nightmare. She dreamt that the cupboard door (which is at the end of father's bed) was slightly ajar, and balanced on top was a large tray of dishes. It was up to her to pass that cupboard door without disturbing the dishes.

She got out of bed, crept around the end of her bed, then around the end of father's bed, keeping her eye on the dishes all the time. Cautiously she began to grope her way up the side of father's bed. This, however, woke father and when he saw mother grasping his bed and staring fixedly at the cupboard, he was dumbfounded.

"Don't be silly! Get back into bed!" he called, when he had recovered the use of his voice.

Mother came out of her dream immediately, looked at the expression on father's face and realized what had happened. Then her eyes fell on the clock, which said ten past one. Ten past one—a new day!—a new

month! Looking father in the face, she blurted out, "Rabbits!"

Leaving father shocked, horrified and utterly speechless, she climbed triumphantly back into bed and giggled herself to sleep.

BETTY GIBBS, VI Upper  
*Fry*

### Coral Gables

**I**t was a hot and humid day. The town of Coral Gables lay sleeping peacefully under the sun's wrath. The wide streets were hot and simmering.

Little streams dried up, rivers became swamps, but the smooth shining sea made no movement. As for Coral Gables, it was a town that most people would like to live in. The streets were as broad as the plains about it. The town itself had white bleached buildings, and from the road bubbled tar.

Suddenly a sound broke the siesta. "Clap! Clap!" it echoed through the streets. But gradually it died away, and was soon lost in the heat haze. Of course it was Joe Clopper, the clerk, making his daily rounds.

The Town Hall lifted its spires toward the sun. The theatre was filled because it was air-conditioned and cool. The corner store slept like the rest. Now and again somebody dropped in for a drink and a chat, but mostly it was silent.

. . . . .

A long time later, the haze began to lift. People came out of the theatre, and the shop bell was kept busy. The street stopped bubbling tar, the streams seemed to have new energy and tinkled merrily. The sea, no longer smooth, began to roll and toss, sending spray in clouds. Life had come to Coral Gables again.

. . . . .

A chill mist came in from the sea, and silently, ever so silently, darkness fell. Stars peeped out of the velvet robe of night. Mistress Moon shone brightly. But still persisting, the Town Hall spires gazed up into the sky, and the sea, glassy once more, lulled itself to sleep.

JUDITH KELLOCK, Form IVC  
*Age 9*

### The Party At The Ark

I ADOLPHUS ANT, being one of the two chosen ants to board the ark of Noah, had just been counted and was crawling into the ark. I was really quite scared to hear the door slam just as the first clap of thunder rang out as the first torrent of rain beat upon the ark. The cry went up, "We're off!" in fifty different sharps and flats.

As we were feeling rather queer, and did not know each other's names, Mr. Noah announced, upon the back of a hippo, that we would have a "get-acquainted" party. We worked very hard organizing this, and at two o'clock by the wise owl (who kept time for us) the party began. First, we accomplished the main object of our party, to wit (as the owl would say) to get to know each other. The Noahs decided that the best way to do this was to have each animal get up and give his name and make a short speech about himself. Apart from the ant-eater's long dull speech, everything went fine.

When the food came in I got so excited that I slid down the trunk of the elephant on which I sat. The elephant happened to inhale at that time, pulling me inside his trunk. Oh horror! I guess I tickled it, for he blew me clear across the room with a ferocious snort. There I found some bugs, more my own size than the elephant.

Now came the commotion caused by the above-mentioned ant-eater. At supper when everyone was asked what his favourite dish was, the ant-eater said in his loudest, most monotonous voice, "Ants."

"Come, come," said Mr. Noah, "that won't do. We only have two ants on the ark, who mustn't be eaten." I sighed with relief at this. "Or," he continued, "we won't have any ants on our new earth!" He finally persuaded the horrid beast to try something else. Although I kept away from larger animals after that, I noticed that he had found some herbs which he seemed to be enjoying very much.

After the food, we divided up into four groups according to size. Those three inches or under were in one group, two feet and

smaller in another, and the big animals in another. The members of this group were very noisy and clumsy and could only play "Farmer's in the dell" and "I Spy." The smaller animals played leap-frog and relay races. We played house, or slid down the giraffe's neck, or went for rides on the backs of the doves.

At last we were getting sleepy so Mrs. Noah tucked us into bed. I whispered to the very pretty lady-bug on the next leaf that it had been rather nerve-wracking, but the best fun I had ever had.

CATHERINE HEES, Form VC  
*Nightingale*

### A Carol

There lay in David's city,  
On a cold winter day,  
A fine little baby  
Clothed in white array.

Up above the manger  
There shone a great star.  
Glittering and gleaming  
It brought kings from afar.

Shepherds saw the star too,  
And angels did appear;  
Told the men to leave their flocks  
For Bethlehem was near.

The Wise Men brought their gifts  
Of frankincense and gold;  
The shepherds brought a little lamb  
For Jesus Christ to hold.

Mary, the young mother,  
Was filled with pride and joy,  
While Joseph the carpenter  
Made Him a toy.

The quiet little donkey  
Was proud to see the child  
Who lay on the knee  
Of Mary, mother mild.

And still the star kept shining,  
And ever more shines clear.  
Within men's hearts the thought still stays  
Of Christ, who's always near.

JENNIFER WOOLLCOMBE, Form IVA  
*Keller*





BOARDERS SKI-ING



ST. JOHN CADETS, 1948



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*Charles & Alice*



*Sally & her friends*



*for a better life*



*Wendy, Mary, Mary & Bob  
Phyllis & Bob*

### Evening On The Farm

THE sun is setting for the night in a huge glorious red ball of flame. The farmer is sitting on the porch in his favourite chair smoking his favourite pipe. Beside him his wife sits contentedly watching the children play on the lawn.

In the pasture the horses are grazing and lazily switching flies off their backs. The last chicken is retreating into the coziness of its henhouse. The kittens have stopped romping about and have curled up beside their mother in their warm baskets. Rover, the dog, occasionally yelps with glee in his sleep, most likely dreaming about the fun he had chasing rabbits through the fields. The ducks have stopped their quacking, and make a funny spectacle each standing on one foot with its head tucked under its wing. In the distance can be heard the lazy tinkling of a cow bell. Everything is at peace as the sun disappears behind the horizon.

LYNNE MAYBURY, Form IVA

*Keller*

### Peace

I sensed her coming as a child,  
When barefoot in the grass  
I felt a coolness, that beguiled  
My being, touch and pass.

I thought to find her down the lanes  
That other feet had trod;  
It was not so. The winter rains  
Had washed the printed sod.

Again I searched the hearts of men,  
Entreating without cease;  
'Tis not by revelation then  
That cometh peace.

I know not yet, but those who know  
Say peace is neither sought nor won,  
But only comes as poppies grow,  
Upon the field where conflict's done.

SHIRLEY SMITH, Form VI Matric.

*Keller*

### Seasons

In winter I like sliding  
And ski-ing down the hill.  
In fact I like all sports—  
They give me such a thrill.

But when the summer comes  
And the birds are home to stay,  
I think I like our summer best,  
It is so bright and gay.

LYNN CASTANGUAY, Form II

*Age 8*

### Mother Moon

O Mother Moon  
In the sky so high,  
Bright shines your light  
In the Eastern sky.

Your light is bright,  
As bright as the day;  
Tell your story  
I ask and I pray.

VEENA MALIK, Lower IVB

*Age 10*

### Waiting For Inspiration

I sit and wait for inspiration,  
But it won't come.  
I sit and wait, and meditate,  
And think of things  
Like a garden gate;  
I scratch my head  
And nibble a nail,  
But all to no avail.

I sit and wait for inspiration,  
But it won't come.  
I sit and wait, and concentrate,  
And think of things  
Like fishes and bait;  
I tear up paper  
And wrack my brain,  
But it's all in vain.

CHRISTIAN NOTHNAGEL, Form VI Matric

*Nightingale*

### The Haystack

In this great rick of hay there lies  
 A memory, of summer skies,  
 Of flowers scattered in the grass,  
 Of breezes warm that through them pass;  
 Of flowers, yellow, pink and blue,  
 Frail cups, fresh filled with morning dew;  
 Of warm summer rain,  
 Tall grasses stretching to the flame  
 Of a hot dry June day,  
 And men who come to cut the hay;  
 The horses champing as they wait,  
 The children swinging on the gate;  
 A rising stack; muscles tired; and power  
 And mechanism; pay, thirty cents by the  
 hour.  
 The thatcher with his ladder, twine on stick  
 And memory rooted into the finished rick.

SHIRLEY SMITH, Form VI Matric.

*Keller*

### Thoughts

Childhood dreams left undone,  
 Schoolgirl targets unattained,  
 Later aims unachieved;  
 All now dragged  
 From the fathomless pit of our desires,  
 Bring fresh reminder of days gone by,  
 Bring sparkling hope of days to come.  
 Then solitude hangs heavy overhead  
 And age creeps imperceptibly on;  
 Great dreams dwindling and shattering into  
 nothingness  
 Fall heavily into the deep, dark void.

JUDY McCULLOCH, Form VI Matric

*Fry*

## Magazine Staff

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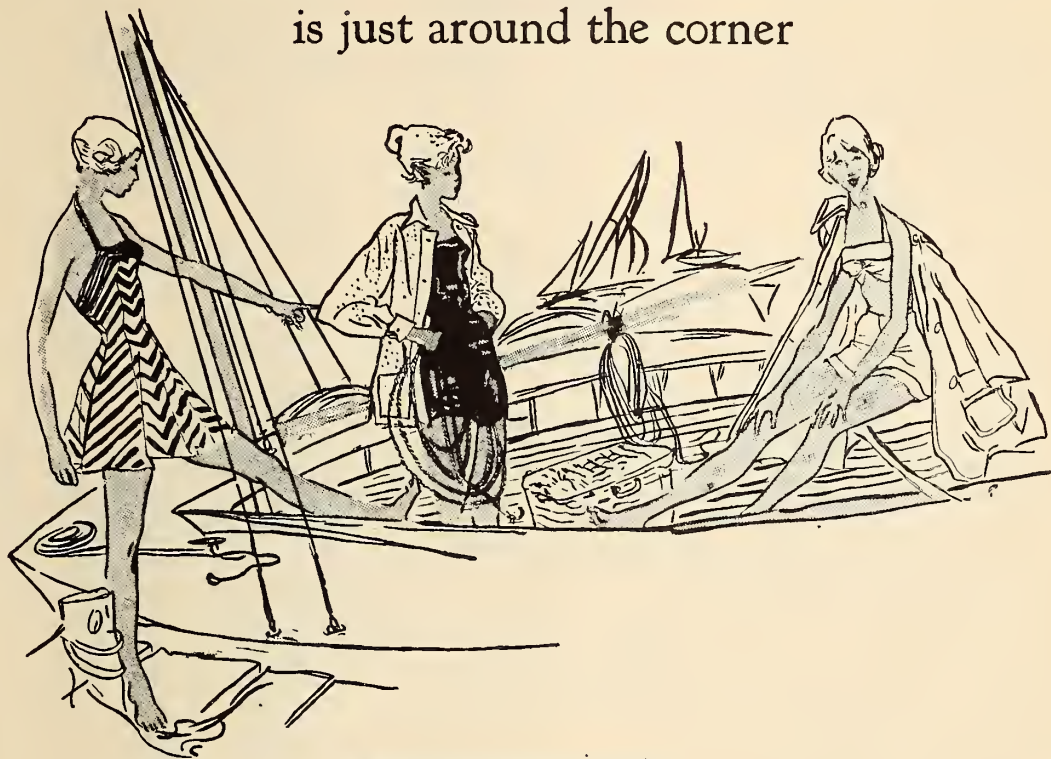
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*Arta Ridleana—*

Ridley College, St. Catharines

*The Ashburian—*

Ashbury College, Ottawa

*The Beaver Log—*

Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School,  
Montreal

*Bishop's College School Magazine—*

Bishop's College School, Lennoxville

*Bishop Strachan School Magazine—*

Bishop Strachan School, Toronto

*The Blue and White—*

Rothesay Collegiate School, Rothesay,  
N. B.

*The Branksome Slogan—*

Branksome Hall, Toronto

*The Eagle—*

Rupert's Land Girls' School, Winnipeg,  
Man.

*Edgehill Review—*

Edgehill, Windsor, N.S.

*Hatfield Hall Magazine—*

Hatfield Hall, Cobourg

*Inter Muros—*

St. Clement's School, Toronto

*King's Hall Magazine—*

King's Hall, Compton

*Lower Canada College Magazine—*

Lower Canada College, Montreal

*Ludemus—*

Havergal College, Toronto

*Olla Podrida—*

Halifax Ladies' College, Halifax, N.S.

*Ovenden Chronicle—*

Ovenden School, Barrie

*Pibroch—*

Strathallan School, Hamilton

*The Record—*

Trinity College School, Port Hope

*St. Andrew's College Review—*

St. Andrew's College, Aurora

*The Study Chronicle—*

The Study, Montreal

*The Tallow Dip—*

Netherwood, Rothesay, N.B.

*Trafalgar Echoes—*

Trafalgar, Montreal

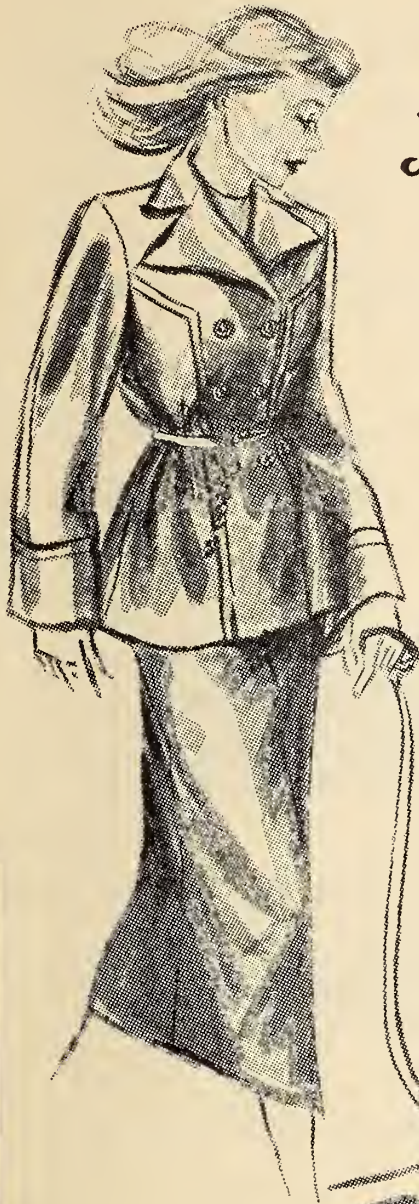
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## BOARDERS' CALENDAR

- September 15**—Boarders returned.  
**September 16**—School re-opened.  
**September 18**—In Saturday—we all went to Mountain Lodge for lunch.  
**September 24**—Some of the Seniors went to see "John Loves Mary", at La Salle Academy.  
**October 1**—Seniors saw "The Rivals", also at La Salle Academy.  
**October 2**—The Juniors saw "Alice in Wonderland" at the Little Theatre.  
**October 11**—School holiday for Thanksgiving.  
**October 16**—In Saturday—we went to Mountain Lodge for lunch.  
**October 17**—"Youth Sunday" Service at St. Bartholomew's.  
**October 22**—Some of us heard Hazel Scott play at the Technical School.  
**October 27**—Junior Hallowe'en party in the afternoon; Senior party and skits at night.  
**October 29-November 1**—Long week-end holiday for mid-term.  
**November 3**—First Tremblay Concert—Raoul Jobin, tenor.  
**November 6**—In Saturday—Seniors saw "See How They Run" at La Salle Academy; Junior saw three one-act plays at the Little Theatre.  
**November 13**—School basketball team (including six boarders) played Hatfield Hall in Queen's gym, Kingston.  
**November 20**—Juniors went to Kash Children's concert. Seniors saw "As You Like It" by Queen's Drama League.  
**November 26**—Holiday for the birth of Prince Charles.  
**December 1**—Tremblay Concert—Rudolf Serkin, pianist.  
**December 4**—"Pirates of Penzance" at the Technical School.  
**December 12**—Carols and tea at Mrs. Buck's house.  
**December 15**—"The Messiah" by Ottawa Choral Union.  
**December 16**—Boarders' Christmas Party with a visit from Santa Claus.  
**December 18**—Christmas holidays began.  
**January 10**—Boarders returned.  
**January 11**—School began.  
**January 12**—Tremblay Concert—Clifford Curzon, pianist.  
**January 15**—First skiing trip to Mountain Lodge.  
**January 28**—Senior boarders celebrated end of exams by having dinner at the Chateau cafeteria and then a movie.  
**January 29**—Day at Wakefield skiing, with lunch at Alexander's.  
**February 2**—Some of us went to "Chorally Yours", a concert by the Ottawa Choral Union.  
**February 9**—Tremblay Concert—Jascha Heifetz, violinist.  
**February 11**—All the boarders saw "Toad of Toad Hall" at the Little Theatre.  
**February 12**—Another day at Wakefield skiing.  
**February 16**—Some of us went to hear Erna Sach, soprano.  
**February 23**—The intermediate and senior boarders saw "Oliver Twist".  
**February 25-March 1**—Long week-end for mid-term.  
**March 3**—The school went to see the "Minto Follies".  
**March 11**—The intermediate and senior boarders went to see "Hay Fever" at the Little Theatre, given by the Ashbury-Elmwood Dramatic Society.  
**March 12**—Skiing at Wakefield.  
**March 24**—Some of the boarders went swimming at the Chateau and had supper at the Cafeteria.  
 Four movies were shown at night.

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**BOARDERS' CALENDAR—Continued**

**April 1**—Two movies were shown at night.

**April 7**—The school play—"Pride and Prejudice".

**April 8-19**—Easter holidays.

**SCHOOL CALENDAR 1948-49**

**September 16**—School re-opened.

**October 11**—Thanksgiving Day—school holiday.

**October 22**—Mrs. McKellar dramatized Canadian poetry for us.

**October 27**—Junior Hallowe'en Party in the afternoon—Senior at night.

**October 29-November 1**—Mid-term long week-end.

**November 4**—Mr. Alexandor spoke to us about Remembrance Day.

**November 5**—Miss B. Irving spoke to the Seniors on "Costumes through the Ages".

**November 8**—The senior school went to see "Hamlet" in the afternoon.

**November 10**—Mrs. Macbeth gave the Seniors an interesting talk on Canadian literature and being a writer.

**November 11**—Remembrance Day. We had our service in the morning and a free afternoon.

**November 13**—Our basketball team played Hatfield Hall in Queen's gym, Kingston.

**November 18**—Canon Heeney gave the Seniors a talk on "Religion and English literature".

Seniors helped serve tea given by Lady Clutterbuck for Miss Hazel and Miss Sayle.

**November 26**—A holiday for the birth of the Royal Prince.

**December 3**—The school saw a coloured film of the Royal Wedding.

**December 13**—House Plays.

**December 15**—Talk by Miss Cairine Wilson about the "Save the Children" fund. House collections.

**December 16**—Junior plays, including a Nativity play.

**December 18-January 11**—Christmas holidays.

**January 20**—Exams began.

**January 28**—Exams ended.

**January 31**—Free day.

**February 1**—New term began.

**February 24**—Mrs. Murphy spoke to us about the work of the Little Theatre and the theatre in general.

**February 25-March 1**—Long week-end for mid-term.

**March 4**—Pictures and talk by Mr. Humphreys on British Columbia.

**March 10**—Canon Coleman told us about his work out West, and we had tea with him in the library.

**March 11**—Ashbury and Elmwood presented Noel Coward's "Hay Fever".

**April 1**—The senior school listened to the broadcast of the ceremony of Newfoundland joining Canada as a tenth province.

**April 7**—The school presented "Pride and Prejudice".

**April 8-20**—Easter holidays.

**June 13**—Departmental examinations.



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love  
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your victims before you  
start on them next year -  
Chris.

Spare our heads next  
year also our legs  
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